

# **I Was a Teenage Werewolf**

**eddiespegnerti**

## **I Was a Teenage Werewolf** by eddiespegnerti

**Category:** IT (2017)

**Genre:** A mix of the 80's and 50's, Also counting Ben and Beverly, Angst, Angst with a Happy Ending, Boys Kissing, Fluff, M/M, Mentions of scenes from the novel, Swearing, The smallest hint of Stenbrough ever

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Greta Bowie, Mike Hanlon, Mr. Keene, Pennywise (IT), Richie Tozier, Sonia Kaspbrak, Stanley Uris

**Relationships:** Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2017-10-24

**Updated:** 2017-10-27

**Packaged:** 2020-01-29 14:11:19

**Rating:** Teen And Up Audiences

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 2

**Words:** 4,950

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

Instead of Beverly getting taken by Pennywise, it's Eddie. Now it's up to Richie to rescue him.

## 1. The Alarm Clock

Richie pedaled his feet fast and hard, pumping his legs as tears streamed down his cheeks. Bill had punched him in the nose not ten minutes ago. It fucking hurt, so he couldn't really forget about what had just happened. His glasses slid down his burning nose, and he pushed them up again with his fore-finger.

Bill had almost killed them, was it so wrong that he was upset about that?

But most importantly, Bill almost got Eddie killed. Richie felt a twinge and realized that Eddie's safety was more important than his own at this point. Well... he was his best friend after all, right? I mean, that goddamn clown had already gotten Georgie killed. It's not like it couldn't do that to the rest of us.

Richie blinked his eyes, trying to keep more tears from falling. He began to hiccup with his sobs and tried to calm down.

Thanks to Bill, Eddie's mom went batshit and locked Eddie away inside of that home "sweet" home of his.

Richie wiped at his nose, rubbing snot all over his sleeve. He remembered the stinging phrase that had been screeched at them before Richie had freaked.

"You're all monsters!"

Why did he have to freak out about this? He knows he should have done more for Eddie. And I mean, Bill's brother died because of the fucking thing. The least he could do was cut him a break. He understood, didn't he?

No he didn't. Maybe that's why he freaked out.

Another part of his subconscious raked at his ears. Well maybe it's because you do. You could have lost Eddie. He already had broken his arm before Pennywise pounced on him. Even just that had been painful to watch; Eddie's expression scrunched in abhorrent pain. Ben

himself had almost become a red skid of blood on the wooden floor of the Neibolt house.

Richie looked back and remembered, almost in slow motion, Eddie's mouth opening and closing in shrieks of terror and pain. He remembered the pull Eddie had in his hands as he pushed back against the mantel he was propped up on. Like he even had the strength to move it.

In his eyes, he saw It growing nearer. It's gloved hands were transforming into hooked claws, and it's gums were growing fangs as fast as Richie could grow his hair. It growled menacingly, and Richie recognized that noise. He knew that growl. Of course to most it would just sound like any growl, but that was usually how it was when things made big impacts only on certain people.

He knew that one, though.

It was the growl that had made a shiver run down his spine, as Michael Landon had transformed into a terrible beast. He was at the Aladdin with Ben and Beverly, and was trying not to let his fear show through. Richie was shivering under his covers un-amiably that night, and he remembered stealing glances at his open closet door every minute, petrified. Just like after seeing Georgie's photo album, he had to turn on the light in there to even get a wink of sleep. That didn't mean he hadn't had nightmares, though.

But on that frightening day, all he had focused on was Eddie. He held onto his cheeks between his cupped palms, felt his breathing and fast heartbeat. He held him still and calmly, even though the look on his face portrayed otherwise. He knew, though, that if they were going to die, he didn't want the last thing Eddie to see be the thing that had kept him up endless hours of the night. Not that... that thing.

Looking into Richie's, Eddie's eyes had been dilated with terror, and that made him nervous. He'd never seen Eddie look that way. He didn't want to see Eddie look that way. He had felt a tug on his shirt. Beverly was trying to pull him to her by the cloth of his tee, towards her, and away from the direction of its' ambition. He didn't budge. He would stay with Eddie. He wasn't going to let him die alone.

But Richie was scared.

He opened his mouth. It was dry and trembling with words he could not voice. He mumbled inaudible comforts towards Eddie anyways. He needed him.

“Eds... Eds I’m here.”

Richie then came back to light, shivering away another cold rush he felt jump around his skin. He pedaled faster, and his legs began to burn more harshly. Maybe that kind of pain could obscure the one he felt in his heart.

—

Eddie felt the warm summer air hit his face as he flushed open the front door of the Kaspbrak home. He trotted down the front steps to the porch and began to stroll towards the pharmacy, waving his cast by his side and whistling with two cupped hands on occasion. He liked to do that.

He fell in step before the drugstore and entered, jumping, panicky, when the bell above the door chimed loudly. He wanted to make this quick and painless. Hopefully he might have time after to try and catch up with at least one of his friends before his mom got suspicious. He pondered over walking to the arcade. He knew Richie always spent his money and summer days over there. Then again, that was when killer clowns weren’t milling about in the sewers. For all he knew, the Losers could be back at the Neibolt house, once again battling the freak-show that called itself Pennywise. Maybe they had already beaten the fucker, but he knew that was probably too good to be true. What if one of them had already gotten killed? Maybe Richie was really dead, and instead of finding him in the arcade, he’d find him in a coffin.

Eddie stopped in his tracks at the front desk. It was perfect timing for he was more halted by the idea he had put into his head. His hands

began shaking mildly, and he felt his breathing become shallow, a rock pressed down on his diaphragm. He couldn't move. Eddie tried to calm himself down. No, Richie isn't dead. I'm going to go to the arcade and find him there. He'll be muttering to himself by Dragon's Lair or Mortal Kombat, enjoying himself way too much like always. Then I'll breathe a sigh of relief. Then I can feel that he's still there. I'll hold his head in my hands, put my lips close to his and-

Wait. What?

Eddie snapped out of his reverie, grabbed his aspirator from his fanny pack, and pulled the trigger. His breathing steadied, but to his concern, his chest still felt oddly tight.

—

Richie plunged his finger down on the button below his hand. This launched the final blow that would kill the enemy he was attacking. He grinned, finally winning the match he had just been playing. He looked down at his hand again and reached into his pocket, pulling out the remaining money he had to spend: five quarters.

He pocketed them once again, and decided against playing another round. The game wasn't really satisfying his anger at the moment.

He looked out through the two large front windows of the building, mulling it over and then deciding he was getting a little hungry. Now, leaving money in the hands of Richie "Trashmouth" Tozier was a bad idea. Because, if he felt the slightest growl or pull in his stomach, he would use that money to buy himself candy. So, Richie strolled out of the arcadium and made his way towards the pharmacy. He thought about what kinds of candy he would buy when he got there, and then, thinking of the pharmacy, his thoughts wandered onto Eddie.

Maybe he'd catch him there and be able to finally talk to him. Maybe he could finally see those big brown eyes full of joy instead of fear.

God knew that had also kept him up at night. This time Eddie might finally give him a bright smile instead of a grimace, and he could hold his face, feeling safe this time.

Maybe instead of trying to comfort him, they would already be comfortable. And he could finally be there, happy, with Eddie close in his arms.

Richie pushed his glasses up his nose.

That was pretty gay.

—

Eddie looked down at his cast, which was swinging a plastic bag filled to the brim with his withdrawal. Written along the bag was the pharmacy logo, and written along the entire length of the sheer white plaster of his cast, was the word “LOSER” in all caps. Thanks Greta.

Eddie groaned. Not only was it bugging him and his dirt-laced fear, but it was certainly going to bug his mother. He droned forward, passing by shop after shop, the heat now itching at the edges of his shirt.

He just wanted to get to the arcade.

He imagined the cool breeze of the air conditioning inside, and thought of Richie turning to him and grinning with stupidity. Of course, this would make the edges of his shirt itch again, but in a good way.

He was walking past an electronics store when he felt a flash of recognition and turned towards the window. It was scattered to the brim with television screens, each one displaying different channels. Cheers and The Golden Girls were playing around one side, the other displaying shows like Saved By The Bell and The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air. As he moved towards the middle, though, he noticed one television in particular.

It was playing one of those child sing-along shows he remembered from growing up, but something was off about it. It was the only television emitting sound, besides the fact that it was behind a wall of thick glass. Eddie backed up, feeling the sidewalk scuff the bottom of his sneakers.

There was a lady, thin yet pretty, who was speaking before a group of kids.

“The sewer is a fun place to play with all of your friends.”

Eddie felt a ripple of fear run down his spine, paralyzing him in place. As he watched, horrifying thoughts rushed towards him, as if he was stuck in a field while a tornado whirled around him. He now noticed the clown.

It was almost enveloping the screen, but was also stood in that one spot, looking straight through it and at him. The corners of It’s mouth rose into a smirk, seemingly friendly, but holding an evil aura around it. If you knew what it’s true intentions were, it wouldn’t look friendly at all. It would look terrorizing. It opened it’s mouth, now speaking to Eddie loud and clear through the crystal wall of glass.

“Hey there girly boy. Are you ready to join the clown? We have peanuts, and popcorn, and cotton candy. Eddie Spaghetti! Tomato sauce! You know what goes good with tomato sauce, Eds? Fried dough! Plenty of that down here! We all float down here.”

Suddenly, every other television across the wall corrupted into static. Cheers turned into washed out chimes. Will Smith became a noise of cackling children. Eddie saw Pennywise’s mouth move, slow and robotic as he repeated the dreaded phrase.

“We alll float down hereee... Yesss weee do-o-o!”

His laugh was low and choppy. Static rippled over his image in intervals. And then... they all went black.

Eddie felt his breathing stop almost entirely. His head felt as light as a feather that was brushing his arm. He stumbled back, looking for a grip hold, but finding nothing to support him except the asphalt his



head crashed down onto.

—

Richie flipped the five quarters out of his pocket and bounced them in his hand, entering the pharmacy with a kick in his step. Before clambering into the candy section, he surveyed the scene before him. Mr. Keene was in the back, talking to his daughter who sat in a chair behind the counter. Other children milled about the isles, Frankie, the creepy gum-stick kid, was picking out more packets of gum.

“I change it every other week. Gum loses it’s stick, ya know.” He had said in a lisp to Richie one day in class; he was staring at it in a face of disgust, which the boy had mistaken as interest.

Richie was puzzled, though, not to have found the obvious, clean-cut, little Eddie Kaspbrak anywhere.

He shrugged it off. It’s not like they’d always end up in the same place at the same time. Strolling through the aisle of packaged goodies, he grabbed at a container of Hubba Bubba, a packet of Pop Rocks, and a box of those candy cigarettes everyone was raving about. Then, he propped them up on the front counter for purchase.

The cashier looked at him plainly, waiting for him to hand her the money.

“I don’t have all day.”

Richie rolled his eyes, “Jeez, for being the first person to sniff up your coochie in ages I’d think you’d at least be a little excited.”

She glared at him, and held out her hand, expectant.

Richie chuckled and placed the change into her curled palm.

Making his exchange with the cashier, he whirled around, product bag in hand, and walked out into the sunlight of the outside world. Of course, not before snatching two lollipops with a hand that was

behind his back. Richie figured if Eddie wasn't inside the pharmacy, he was either still on his way to it or heading back home. So, he decided to take the route to his house either way.

But then, passing by the good 'ole Hitachi television retailer, as he liked to call it, he found something even more dreadful than the taste of those candy cigarettes.

A dark timer watch, beeping loudly and obnoxiously on the concrete of the sidewalk.

Richie bent down to pick it up, his throat going dry when he began to feel that it was wet. He pulled one of his fingers back from the object, the tip of it stained red. He clenched his other hand and felt that red cover his vision, felt tears rush to hole up in his eyes. He felt rigid, angry, petrified, upset.

Richie looked around, maybe looking for a sign that Eddie was really actually fine. He could have slipped and scraped his hand, dropping his watch without even knowing it. Could have run into Henry Bowers and his loot of sick minions.

With an ironic and unusual feeling in his gut, he wished that were true.

But as he thought this, he soon was disappointed, because as he turned around, he saw a phrase that made his stomach lurch painfully.

The TVs before him were blank, staticky, except for one smack dab in the middle. The screen displayed an empty play-room. It was childish and playful, with wallpaper that consisted of rainbows and building blocks. It looked like that, until you noticed the blood soaking through it, forming the words:

YOU'LL DIE IF YOU TRY

Richie put the watch in his pocket, the blood on it staining the packages of candy inside, and ran.

## 2. The Boy with the Fearful Grin

His feet burning alongside his nose, Richie collapsed onto the paved driveway of the Denbrough household. Tears were once again rolling down his face.

Up ahead, Bill was by the garage, sitting next to his bike Silver. Apparently the boy was fixing him up, when he startled, looking down to where Richie lay on the asphalt. He was panting and sobbing, splayed across the dark pavement. Bill got up from his place crouched near Silver and ran over to Richie, grabbing his arms and helping him up onto his feet.

Richie began to wobble, and Bill put a hand onto his shoulder, holding him steady and then shaking him to speak. After a few seconds of wheezing, Richie looked up into Bill's face. Bill noticed that the other boy's eyes were red and enlarged, besides the fact that his glasses magnified them ten times in diameter. He gulped at the red swollen nose that Richie now held after having punched him. Bill shook his head, forgetting any grudges he had against the other boy now, and decided to help his friend.

"W-wha-what's wrong?" Bill asked, helping Richie to talk. Something was unsound. That was for sure.

"It's Eddie", Richie let out in a hoarse voice. It sounded like a frog's croak, and he swallowed to try and moisten his throat. He pulled out the watch from his pocket, which had stopped beeping, and held it out to Bill with a trembling, bloodied hand.

Bill stared in shock at the object, a wave of reality and nausea hitting him like a tide as he gauged the situation.

"It got Eddie," Richie choked out.

Bill looked up at him, his eyes hard, determined, and a little worried, before the other kid crashed into him. He was now full on trembling with his sobs.

A cry was emitted from Bill's lungs. Not from tears, but from surprise

as they fell, Richie pulling him down by the neck as his legs gave out underneath him.

---

Eddie opened his eyes blearily and jolted upright at the feel of the chilled, wet earth underneath him. The realization of gray water washed over his thoughts, and he gagged at having just lain in it. He hurriedly got to his feet, patting down his disheveled hair, and flattening his tee-shirt. He quickly pulled his aspirator from the dip in his pocket.

What the fuck was this place?

Looking at his surroundings, the first thing Eddie couldn't miss was the foreboding hoarder's mountain, sitting in the middle of the encircling it was hidden inside. His eyes made their way to the top of the pile, now noticing dark spots of shadow floating around the peak. They seemed in black contrast to the light that was spewing down from above them.

He put his hand over his eyes, furrowing his brow to try and look closer at what they might be.

They were shaped like... bodies.

His eyes widened, and his brain instinctively went into a loop of his mother's intimidating warning call. He plunged the aspirator he had been holding into his mouth, and pulled down on the trigger.

He had to get out of there.

Eddie turned around and found a large iron door strapped to the wall of the chamber, with large, rusty hinges. He ran forward, grabbing the handle of the door and pulling. The effort made his injured arm begin to burn.

He cried out, deciding better of it, and backed away. There was no

use in trying if he lost an arm. Then he'd surely be dead down there.

All of a sudden, music cut into the elongated sounds of the trickling water. Eddie froze, and picked out a voice that made him dreadfully cover his ears with his hands.

The last thing he needed right now was another encounter with that fucking clown. The first time it got to him, his arm had been broken. The second time landed him here. Who knew what the third time would bring?

He felt like he was going to hurl.

Eddie turned around, waiting for the inevitable. And then he jumped, letting out a shriek as Pennywise made it's entrance, fireworks going off in a loud explosion following the creak and slam of a compartment door.

He thought then that, even in this situation, Richie would have probably laughed at the scene before him... But his arm was fucking broken. He was getting out of there. He didn't care what he had to do.

Eddie whipped his head around the cylindrical confinement, taking the time Pennywise stalled to find an escape route. He gazed to his left, locating an entrance to an open sewer tunnel, and didn't think twice before bolting straight for it.

The sooner he could even take two steps, though, he felt a body crash down over his, and a large hand grip his neck. It lifted him up into the putrid air, a horrible face now in front of his own. Eddie began to weep, tears draining out of his eyes.

But Pennywise only mocked him, crying out with an overly human and dramatic tone. He thought quickly, because he knew he wasn't going to get out of there with mere strength, and remembered the fear.

Fear.

"I... I'm not afraid... of you!" Eddie choked out, Pennywise's gloved hand rising up and clenching down on his airways. He felt his throat

closing, and he began to gasp for oxygen.

It lurched him forward, right into its white, ominous face, and sniffed at him. The ends of its nose rose up in a look of utter disgust, and it shook its head rapidly, as if a fly had landed on it. Eddie felt a small opening begin to glow through his desperation. Maybe he had gotten to it! But then it turned its face back to his, a malice grin there.

“You will be”.

He croaked out faint pleas and protests as he watched Pennywise’s jaw widen slowly into a snake’s grin. Eddie began to gag again at the acrid stench of blood and death that flowed from its gums. Rows upon rows of teeth glimmered at him, illuminated by three lights that seemed like they burned amid the center of its throat.

Eddie couldn’t look away as much as he wanted to. He lost control over his movements as he felt a haze wash over his mind, and a fog erode his vision completely.

—

When Richie overheard Bill cry out Eddie’s name, his heart stopped. Or beat faster. At this point he didn’t know what would be in store up ahead of him. All that swept through his mind, though, was Eddie. They had found him, after clawing and scratching their way through Henry Bowers, the Neibolt House, and these disgusting sewers. The ones he was standing in now, frozen and struck with comprehension.

He rushed through the spoiled water, turning into the cavernous room where Bill had dashed into.

His eyes scoured the scene before him. The enormous load of junk, perfectly piled into a comical tower. The children, floating around the top of what they now could call Pennywise’s lair. Before the disturbance could reach his conscious mind, though, his flashlight landed on something that was buoyant and a lot lower than the other

children were. No, this thing was even smaller, and sodden down so that his floating body was dripping in intervals.

Richie sucked in a breath, and ran forward, crying out his name in spite of himself.

“Eddie!”

The others followed close behind, gathering around Richie to try and bring the boy down from the air and back to light. Doing this was like pulling down the world’s heaviest balloon. Ben was yanking down on one of Eddie’s ankles, while Beverly and Mike pulled on the other. Richie was there in front of him, holding the ankle Ben was pulling. As Eddie got lower, Richie moved his hands up to his waist, his arms, and then his shoulders.

An echoing scuff was heard as Eddie touched down onto the moist concrete.

Richie looked into Eddie’s eyes, and his stomach churned as he saw how disturbingly clouded they were. He looked like a blind man, and his mouth was hung open in a grimace.

Like someone who had been turned to stone.

Richie took Eddie’s face into his hands, pulling his fingers through the spots of freckles scattered along his cheeks. He shook him lightly. Nothing.

“Eddie. Eddie! Eds come on, wake up!”

Again. Nothing.

No...

No!

Tears invaded his vision as he shook him once again, panic setting in as he realized that Eddie might not be coming back.

Richie’s friends watched, pain stricken and horrified, as Richie began choking out more sobs. He was one of the few people in the group to

ever get terribly emotional. Seeing how upset this made him, his well put together act and strong ego ebbing away so quickly, was almost scary to see.

Scary to see how much Pennywise had done to them. How far it would go to break them. To the kids, breaking Richie had crossed an unseen boundary.

"I'm sorry Eddie," Richie whispered to his friend. His best friend. "I'm sorry I didn't try harder to get to you. I'm sorry you had to see all of this. I'm sorry for always calling you Eds, okay? I'm sorry for always hitting on your mom," he chuckled grimly. "You just can't leave me..."

Richie leaned his face in close to the other boy's, and pressed their lips together firmly.

Eddie's mouth was soft against Richie's, and he breathed in his scent, pressing them impossibly closer. He groped for an answer, a response, and pushed back Eddie's hair from his forehead.

He kissed away the fear he saw on Eddie's face that day at the Neibolt house. He kissed away the hurt there when his mother drove him away from his friends, and he kissed the living hell out of that look on Eddie's face now.

Richie pulled away, leaning his forehead against the other boys'.

"I love you, you asshole".

Eddie's clouded eyes glared back towards his, and Richie couldn't help the acetic and overwhelming feeling of needing to spew his brains out. He clenched his eyes shut, fighting back the rush of power.

Suddenly, he felt a small movement from where he was perched against Eddie, and then a choking breath. Richie opened his eyes to see Eddie's had cleared. They were wide and aghast.

Richie stepped back as Eddie fell to his knees, wheezing like a starved dog. Everyone rushed down to Eddie, holding him still as he came back into consciousness. Richie crouched down, grabbed Eddie's head



between his hands again and held him there, pushing his face into the crook of his neck and whispering to him.

After a moment, Eddie's chest now worked steadily, coming down from his asthma attack. He wilted into everyone's grip.

Richie pulled back to look at him, to make sure he was okay. Eddie was looking back at him, eyes still wide, but containing something else behind them. They had seemed to have fully cleared, but his mouth was still agape.

"Guys?" He looked up and around at the children above him. They were formed into a semi-circle behind Eddie, Beverly holding his back while Stan and Bill were holding his arms.

"H-hey Eddie," Stan stammered. A small smile of agitation was planted on his face, whilst his eyes were soft and thankful.

Eddie gave back that small smile, now looking up at Richie in concern.

"Where is it?" His eyes reverted back to alarm.

"It's gone," Richie responded, glancing over his shoulders in case Pennywise decided to take it's cue.

—

Eddie let out an audible sigh, of course, still on alert. He glanced around as well.

Empty.

Even the fucking stage that was stuffed into the middle of that mass was closed tightly shut. Whatever had just happened, it was like pressing play again on a paused video. Or more like cutting into the next scene of an entirely different episode. The last he remembered were those lights, and then his eyes flashed to Richie's tear-tracked

face in front of his.

This was before he realized his throat was still clenched tightly, even though Pennywise had disappeared.

He looked down over his trembling body. His fingers were there, his arm wasn't detached from his torso, and he even still had his fanny pack on.

The only thing that felt different, was the fact that his lips were oddly generous and wet.

He looked up at Richie, who was the only person crouched in front of him, and noticed how his lips had seemed more corpulent as well. Realization hit him like a ton of bricks, and he pushed his fingers up to his face before asking,

“Did you kiss me?”

Richie looked down, and sorrow seemed to reach his eyes. For a rare moment in time, he didn't speak.

Eddie stared at him for a moment, surprised and enraptured at what must've happened.

And before he could think anymore, he crouched up and forward, and kissed Richie.

—

Richie let out a breath as Eddie's lips connected with his. Eddie tilted his head, and pushed his hands into the mess of Richie's hair.

The kiss was a little bit desperate at first, and then became more loving. Richie put his hand up to Eddie's neck.

—

Eddie didn't know what he was doing until he pulled away. He didn't know what to think. All he felt was a giant blossom in his chest and a tingle in his lips this time.

Richie was looking at him with such gentleness that it almost made him uncomfortable. But he felt so much love for the other boy that he probably looked like that, too.

Suddenly, Richie hugged him, enveloping his arms around his small body. After a moment of discernment, Eddie hugged him back, tightly. They stayed like that for a while, the other kids looking on, feeling a newfound presence of peace that allowed them to lose their guard altogether. While Ben had looked over at Beverly, blushing, Stan and Bill actually made eye contact, both turning red like their friend.

Eddie pulled away from Richie and looked into his eyes once again. They all cherished that moment while they could, a moment where they were all together again and happy.

Compared to what was to come, they were in paradise, for a few minutes later, Pennywise finally took it's cue.

**Author's Note:**

Alright guys, this is my first ever fic so give me your opinions! :)